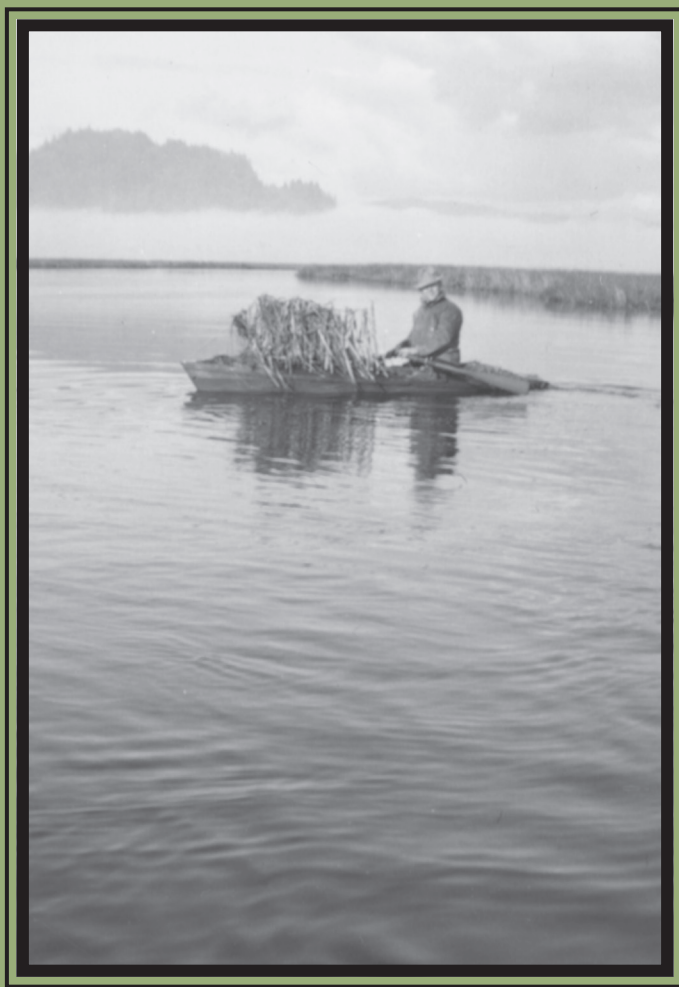


CLATSOP COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY QUARTERLY

CUMTUX



Vol. 32, No. 2 — Spring 2012



OSCAR OLSON WITH HIS CHILDREN, ALFRED AND SANDRA NEAR THEIR HOME AT 961 FRANKLIN AVE. AT THE TIME THERE WAS A WW II TRAILER CAMP LOCATED IN THE FORMER SCOW BAY, TODAY NEAR 18TH AND EXCHANGE STREETS. CA. 1946

In This Issue ...

We rely on our readers to continue to bring their stories to us so that we may share them with others in Cumtux. This is the way in which we obtained the first two stories. The first was brought to us by Peggy (Kujala) Olson and was written by her husband's uncle, Oscar Harold Olson. The second story arrived in the mail some weeks after a visitor, Norman Rupp, stopped by the Heritage Museum and mentioned that his grandfather once owned thousands of acres of timberland in Oregon. It is the story of the rise and fall of a timber baron.

Anyone interested in the history of canneries should be aware of a journal in the CCHS collection. It is a record of Mathias Jensen's attempts to improve canning equipment in the years from 1889 to 1899. Excerpts from his journal appear in this issue.

Kristina Berney loaned us her photo album from which the last three photographs came.

Please continue to bring us the stories about your Clatsop County families. Call us at 503-338-4849.

—The Editor

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CLATSOP COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
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Album

Front Cover:

OSCAR HAROLD OLSON IN HIS DUCK HUNTING
BOAT.

CUMTUX: Chinook jargon:
"To know...to inform"

TIDELAND DUCK HUNTER

By Oscar Harold Olson

February 14, 1974

Introduction by Erik Robinson

OSCAR HAROLD Olson wasn't a war hero or a prominent citizen in Clatsop County. He was an auto mechanic and gillnetter who raised a family, worked hard, and loved to hunt ducks in the Columbia River tidelands where he spent his life. This account reflects the perspective of a regular guy who lived through an extraordinary time in Astoria's history.

Oscar wrote "Tideland Duck Hunter" because he believed fifty years of experience—in anything—was worth writing down. He wanted to share this experience with people who, like him, love waking up hours before dawn, slogging through the bracing wind and rain of the Northwest to hunt ducks. He also thought it would be an account that "would be interesting for all young boys, too." And indeed, it is. He was my grandfather.

For the people who knew Oscar well, the cadence and dry humor of this manuscript will seem familiar even twenty-nine years after he passed

away. The manuscript provides a bridge through time for family and friends to remember and for the younger generations to learn. For people who didn't know him, but have an interest in Astoria's development during the 20th century, Oscar's account provides a glimpse at a region caught between the onset of modern conveniences and Old Country traditions. Perhaps no story illustrates the dichotomy better than Oscar's habit of regularly lugging a shotgun and an apple box of live decoys aboard a city bus.

The first time he stepped aboard near the cannery where he kept his boat, the driver didn't know what to make of this wet and whiskered duck hunter. The driver told him he couldn't ride. "Why the hell can't I? I've got the dime," Oscar answered, making an early and persuasive case for public transportation.

His story runs an arc from the early 1920s, when he went to work as a 14-year-old apprentice mechanic earning a dollar a day; through the onset of World War II when he took a job at a shipyard turning out

minesweepers for the war; and across family tragedies such as the death of his oldest brother, Art, who became a father figure after their own father drowned while fishing in 1910 when Oscar was just eighteen months old.

But duck hunting is the core of the story. He loved everything about it, and missed only three opening days in a half-century. He built his own boats, and once fitted a 26-foot gillnet boat with a makeshift engine he had pulled out of a wrecked 1925 Buick. He enjoyed friendships forged in row

boats and duck blinds. And, at a time of year when harsh weather turned the tourists away, he appreciated the turn of the seasons exhibited in the vine maple overhanging the sloughs and the grass turning to brown in the islands. Shooting ducks was beside the point.

"There was something about rowing in your duck boat in those quiet sloughs that kind of got to you," he wrote. "Getting lots of ducks didn't seem to matter much."



Dedicated to my wife Cecilia who has helped me with this book and most everything else I've ever done. This book is written especially to explain what it is like to have spent a total of fifty years as a tideland duck hunter. In this length of time, I have hunted every open season. I have missed a total of three opening days, one for sickness and two because of a new job. I do believe a man would have to be a duck hunter to appreciate this book. These are all true experiences. I am sure this book would be interesting for all young boys, too.

THE BEGINNING OF A DUCK HUNTER

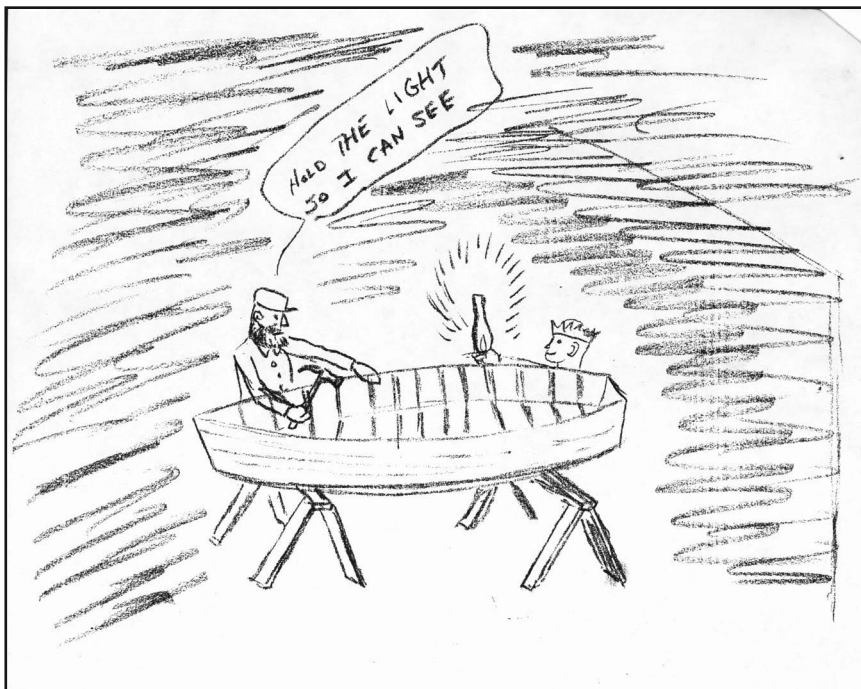
"Hold that damn lantern so I can see what I am doing! Who in Hell is building this boat—you or me?"

Building boats by lantern light was not the best way to do it, but without electricity what could we do? I was just a small boy at this time. My oldest brother was the boat builder. Strange as it may seem, I too learned a little boat work. That was how I got my first duck boat.

I started to hunt ducks at a very young age of fourteen. I hunted with my older brother Axel. He was five

years older than I. We were both quite small for our age, so we got by using one duck boat.

In the Cathlamet Bay above Tongue Point where we hunted, a duck boat was a must. My brother had a sixteen gauge Winchester pump gun. I sat up front in the boat while he did the rowing. This boat was only twelve feet long and double ended. To find room in a boat like this, we must have been small. At the time, we thought we were men. Ducks were hard to come by in those days. One reason was that we had poor decoys



SKETCH BY OSCAR OLSON'S SON-IN-LAW JACK ROBINSON

and did not understand how to hunt.

In those days in 1922 and for some years after, they allowed feeding on the lakes and reserves. Most of the ducks were there. Duck hunting became a thrill for us. If we got one that was fine, if not maybe next time we would.

We hunted together in one boat for a year or two. Then with the help of my oldest brother Art and the lantern, I became the proud owner of my first duck boat. This boat was quite large. It was fourteen feet. That size was decided on because it would be more steady and safer. Our hunting area was in open water, and sometimes in the late winter it would get quite

rough.

In 1923 I got through the eighth grade of school and started to work at the automobile trade as an apprentice mechanic. I received one dollar a day six days a week. As any kid would be, I was all thrills. I was earning my first money. I gave my mother some of my earnings each week and tried hard to save for a shot gun. Finally the day came. This man I worked with had a used gun to sell. He was the boss over all the men in the shop. This gun was a twelve gauge 97 model Winchester hammer gun. The price was thirty dollars. In those days that was lots of money. After talking to my older brother, I decided to buy it.

Picture now if you can a young boy about fifteen, maybe sixteen, years old with a new duck boat and a used gun. I thought I had it made. Nothing to me could have been finer. The duck season opened in those days on October first and ran through most of January.

The opening day of duck season was a legal holiday for us. We very seldom took a day off from work, but duck hunting we had to go. My first trip with my own outfit was a trip I'll long remember. It was this trip that made a duck hunter out of me. I think you have to be a special breed to become a dyed-in-the-wool duck hunter. In later years my wife used another word, but I won't use that here.

My brother Axel and I rowed out from a duck shack on the beach. The place belonged to my brother Art and two or three other fellows. They let us kids keep our outfits there. We left rather early in the morning because the tide was falling or dropping to low water. There was always a chance you could get stuck even with duck boats. If you know the sloughs where there's water, it's all right, but we didn't.

After about an hour of hard work on the oars, we started to touch bottom. It wasn't long after that we found we could move only very slowly. After a few more strokes with the oars I was stuck. My boat was larger and drew more water. Axel went on a ways more, and then he could see I was

stuck, so he came back. He suggested I leave my boat there, and I could help him pull his boat through the mud. Two of us could move his with some strong arm pulling on his boat's stern rope. He thought if we could pull his boat out to what we called Bains' Point, we would find more water there, so we did just that. The story was after we got his boat out then we would come back and get mine. It didn't turn out that way. He decided it would be best if I stayed and hunted till at least the tide came in again, so back to my duck boat I went.

By the time I got back, there wasn't any water within a quarter of a mile of my boat. Boy was I ever stuck. Only thing I could do was pull my boat in the grass as best I could, cover it with some grass, and wait till time came to shoot. When shooting time did come, it seemed like an eternity to me. Then I made my first mistake. I got out of the boat and stood in the mud. Boy that stuff is just that, skin deep. I could see a few ducks flying and heard some of the hunters shooting. Finally after about thirty minutes, five mallards came close enough for me to shoot. I up and let go at the flock two shots and somehow managed to knock one hen mallard down. My gun did the same to me! There I was flat on my back, mud from head to toe, dropped my gun, but boy, I had one duck!

After cleaning myself up as best I could, I went on and got the biggest



HELEN, WILLIE, OSCAR, AND MAE OLSON. CA. 1912

and finest hen mallard in the world.
At least it was to me.

After this fine start I was destined
to be a duck hunter. I got my first one,

and I was sure I could never quit hunt-
ing ducks, and some day maybe even
I could get the limit. In the years that
followed, I've done that many times.

Oscar Harold Olson's Family

Parents:

Fred Olson born 1864 in Oland, Sweden, died in 1910 at Astoria (fell in river from dock), came to the U.S. in 1888. Hannah Nelson (or Larson) born 1866 in Oland, Sweden, died in 1941 in Astoria. came to the U.S. in 1896 or '98.

They were married about 1896 in Sweden or Massachussets.

Children:

1. Arthur W. Olson born 1896 in Massachusetts, married Frances Viola Mell in 1925
She died in 1935. He died 1944.
Child 1: Eldred (b. 1926) married Anna Aurora (Peggy) Kujala in 1946
Child 2: Margie (b. 1928) married Dick Thompson in 1949
2. Helen F. born in Oregon in 1898, married Everett K. McLendon in 1923, died 1988
Child 1: Pamela, b. 1925
Child 2: Everett, b. 1927, d. 1954
3. Willie born in Oregon in 1900, died in 1916
4. Axel Byron born in Oregon in 1903, married Martha Ernestine Mell in 1925 & divorced,
he died Apr 26, 1946
Child 1: Byron, b. 1926, d. 1951
Child 2: Bernard, b. 1931
5. Mae born in Oregon in 1905, married 1. Bill Macklin (m. 1925); 2. Clair Mansker (m.
1938), died 1974. Clair was Sup/AMCCo in 1951
Child 1: Lorraine, b. 1926, daughter of Bill Macklin & Mae
6. Oscar Harold born in Oregon in 1908, married Cecilia S. Manick (originally Mannikko in
Finland) in 1936. He died Jan. 13, 1983
Child 1: Alfred, b. 1938
Child 2: Sandra, b. 1944

(Some years are approximate.)

If the mid-wife who assisted in my arrival to this world had been a fortune teller, there might be a page in her diary reading something like this:

December 10, 1908

In a cabin on shore right by the Columbia River a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Olson. He was named Oscar Harold Olson and his address was 961 Franklin Avenue, Astoria, Oregon, U.S.A.

He will be a mechanic most of his life, but he will have a real love for

boats of all kinds, especially duck boats. Every fall and winter he will be seen rowing in the islands. He will be hiding behind a blind around the front of the boat. The blind will be made of chicken wire and grasses. Ducks can be seen flying overhead.

FIREARMS ARE DANGEROUS

There was one thing all of us boys were taught at an early age and that was always be careful with firearms, especially shot guns. They are so powerful at close range. It reminds me of a story an old time hunter once told

me. He said, "Always be careful and respect the shot gun." He said that he was afraid of one, lock, stock, and barrel. Even the ramrod is dangerous because his wife rapped him over the head with one.

Axel and I were coming in from hunting ducks one day. It was a real nice day, even kind of warm for this time of the year. We didn't get any ducks, so on the way in from the islands we were rowing side by side, discussing what we had done wrong this time. We had just about gotten to the shack on the beach when we saw quite a few mud hens. That's what we called them. They are also called "Coots". Well, anyway they do make a nice stew.

We, at all times, took all the shells out of our guns when we left the islands or blind where we had hunted. We felt it was safer this way, especially if by chance we should turn over the boat or something. But when we saw these mud hens, we both put shells back in our guns. They stayed kind of hidden in the grass till we got close enough to shoot. We got two or three apiece. I think I shot three times and I thought Axel did the same.

In those days you were allowed to have six shells in your gun. The shells I didn't shoot I took back out of the gun. I didn't pay attention to what Axel did. We picked up our birds and rowed on in to the beach. After our boats were put away, we had the usual load of supplies to take home

with us. There was a porch on the shack. It was about six feet above the beach, so Axel got up on the porch. I was down on the beach handing him the stuff. We finally got it all up but the guns. I handed him my gun first. He said, "Is it empty?"

I said, "Yes, it is." Then came his gun. I had picked it up by the stock and somehow I got my finger in the trigger guard and handed it to him barrel first. Just as he was about to grab the barrel, I kind of pulled it hack and swung it off to one side of him. In so doing I accidentally squeezed the trigger and bang she went! My pulling the barrel away from him at that last second saved his life, and I guess mine, too. That could have been a terrible lesson to learn.

I have never forgotten this near fatal accident, and I'm sure I never will. It just goes to show a person how easy it can happen. From that day on never at any time did we move the guns unless we could see the breach was open.

Since that day I have hunted with lots of different duck hunters. Some of them will say his gun is empty. That is, he will have the shell out of the barrel but still some in the magazine. With me that's not enough. If they want to hunt with me, they must do it my way, or that's the last trip for them. I never go into detail and tell them what I've seen, but somehow I must sound convincing.



OSCAR AND HIS MOTHER, HANNAH OLSON CA. 1911

MY FIRST POWER BOAT

Hunting from the beach and rowing all the way out and back was a sort of tiring job. I hunted alone at this time quite a bit. My brother Axel was a married man now. He was the one I had done most of my hunting with so far. I did wish him the best of luck. He had sure helped me a lot. He said he would be able to hunt some. I hoped so.

I was still working as an auto mechanic's helper. I'd make journeyman in a year or so. I bought myself a twenty-six foot Columbia River gillnet boat. It was an old boat. It originally was a sail boat, but it had been converted to power. It had a four horse Wolverine engine in it. I think they must have been small horses. I

did all right speed wise when I went with the tide and things kept running. I had heard that the small animal by the name of wolverine was a tricky little fellow, and so was my engine.

I kept my boat in Astoria and ran up to the islands from here. It was slow, yes, but it did beat rowing. Now I could get to some of the outside islands far out in the river and maybe I'd get a few more ducks. I kept my boat where there were lots of gillnet fishermen.

Some of the fellows knew their way around when it came to hunting ducks. One of them asked me if I'd like to hunt with him some time. He said he would rather use his boat though. I wonder why? I paid \$75.00 for mine and theirs went up to thou-

IMAGE COURTESY OF SANDY ROBINSON



ELDRID OLSON, OSCAR'S NEPHEW, POSES WITH BOATS *ELMARG* AND *LUJEAN* ON THE DOCK OF THE RIVER SHACK IN WARREN SLOUGH ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

sands of dollars.

I'd fix up my boat though. It did have possibilities, and I did have an older brother who was a darn good boat builder. He worked for a boat building yard in Astoria. This yard did all kinds of boat work, small and large boats. They built lots of new boats, too. The owner of the yard had given us permission to work on my boat there. I would start on it after this duck season was over.

In the meantime, I made a few trips with my new fisherman friend. He was a real good shot. I liked to see the ducks come down. I still didn't shoot too good. I was getting better though. This fisherman had a friend that hunted with him some. This man ran a small store in our neighborhood. He hadn't hunted ducks the way we did before, that was, out of a duck boat. He was a fine sport, and he sure got a kick out of hunting. He had a double barrel twelve gauge shot gun. He too, did pretty well at missing birds. I didn't feel all alone now there were other poor shots. He blamed his gun for it. I will say my gun that I bought and paid thirty dollars for hadn't worked out too good. The hammer stuck back when I went to shoot the first shot. It had done this more or less all along, but as long as I hunted by myself I got by with it. This fisherman didn't like having me close to him. I didn't blame him. He said I should try to get another gun before I killed myself or somebody else. I

gave this new gun idea some serious thought, but as usual there was this money problem.

I was the sole supporter of the household now. All of my brothers and sisters had married and left home. They were all going to help Mother and me, but they all had their own problems. Times were getting a little tough now. There was this thing they called a depression. I'm sure everybody knows about it. As far as we were concerned, it had been somewhat of a depression with us all along.

My dad drowned in the Columbia River while fishing in June, 1910. I was the youngest at eighteen months. There were five more besides me. The oldest was twelve. There were two girls and four boys. My oldest brother quit school in the fourth or fifth grade and went to work in the saw mill. My mother never married again and raised us as best she could. We all worked at whatever came along and helped all we could.

This fisherman I hunted with now I'll call Ed. He was a big fellow well over two hundred pounds and tough as nails. He did like a nip once in a while, but then I guess we all do. Ed and this store keeper and I made a very successful hunt one time. We made lots of them, but this trip seemed to stand out. It got off to a bad start right off the bat, but then every trip can't be perfect.

I kept my duck boat in another cannery under the net rack in a sort

of a rope sling. It was a good place to keep it I thought. On this trip Ed and John, the store-man, and I started out to go hunting about four in the morning. It was late in the season and cold. There was a strong east wind blowing and it should have been a good day for winter sprigs. We went down to get my duck boat first. It was the farthest away. They waited in Ed's fish boat while I went up the rack to get my boat.

The first thing I did was to lose my flashlight in the river. It was a real dark night, and under the rack with no light it seemed a lost cause. I groped around and found the rope that held my boat up. All I had to do in normal times was pull the slip knots and let her down in the water. But this time it didn't work. I got a twist in the line, and it blocked the pulleys, so I couldn't get the boat in the water. Finally I got tired trying, so I took my knife and cut the ropes. Down she went with a splash! I got in it half sunk and rowed out to the boys waiting. Ed said, "What happened to you? Did you fall in the creek?" I could tell he was a little peeved. I didn't want to get this big boy mad at me, so I kept my mouth shut.

John, the store-keeper, broke the silence on the way to get his boat. He said it was in the water tied up, and all we had to do was hook on to her and away we would go. Ed was still unusually quiet. We got to John's boat. It was tied to the ladder all right,

but the rising tide had gotten it caught under the ladder and it was really sunk. There were floor boards, oars, decoys, seats, you name it all over the river. Now Ed started to fume a little, and about this time John announced he had two pints of whiskey in the boat, moonshine of course. Now Ed let go full blast. He was really mad. The sunken duck boat was tough to take, but losing the whiskey was too much.

We got busy hunting in the dark for John's oars and other stuff. We found one oar, got the floor boards and most of the decoys back, and started to bail the boat out. After some real fast bailing, she started to float again, and lucky for us the two pints had stuck under the deck and were in fine shape. Now the old boy was smiling again. John gave him a couple of good snorts, and we were on our way to Snag Island better known as Cabboth sands. We got quite a few sprigs this day and it was all she wrote for John's double barrel shot gun. Ed also said, "Gee, I wish you fellows would find some better place to keep your boats." I'd have to be writing on asbestos paper if I put down what he really said. We did move our boats though.

On the way down from this trip, that is back down river to Astoria, John announced he was all through with his double barrel shot gun. He said if it wasn't for the fact the gun belonged to his wife's dad, he would

throw it in the deepest part of the river.

I was a witness to what had caused him to give up on the gun. I was in a blind about two hundred yards from him when six mallards, most of them green heads or drakes, came in and circled his decoys about three times, set their wings, dropped their feet down as they always did when they were going to sit down, and in they came right among his decoys. He took what seemed to me a long time before he shot. I thought he might have fallen asleep, but that wasn't the reason he said afterwards. He was lining them up in the water for a real shot. Finally he let go both barrels, one at a time of course. Six mallards came in to his decoys, and six went back out. I'm sure he never touched a feather. Now you can see why the gun had to go.

Poor old John was just sick. He called those mallards his dream ducks, and he missed them all. A duck hunter is like most other people. They always look for an excuse. His was his gun. I think it was what deer hunters call buck fever. He was so excited when I talked to him. I'm not sure he hadn't shot straight in the air.

I went to John's store a few days after this trip. He had his new gun all right. It was a twelve gauge pump, model twelve Winchester with a new kick pad on the stock and the whole works. Boy it was a nice gun. He told me he was going to go hunting in the



IMAGE COURTESY OF SANDY ROBINSON

OSCAR OLSON. CA. 1934.

middle of the week with a couple of fishermen, so he could try his new gun out. I was working so I couldn't go with him. I sure would have liked to have gone.

It had been blowing strong east wind for about three days, and I was sure it would have been good hunting. He told me to drop in at the store in a day or so, and he would give me all the dope on the new gun and how well they did. He always told it like it was. If he got nothing, he would say so. Why lie about it? You were only kidding yourself.

I stopped in the store on Friday to get some cigarettes. He wasn't in the store at the time. His wife waited on me. I asked her if her husband got any

IMAGE COURTESY OF SANDY ROBINSON



MEMBERS OF THE OLSON FAMILY AND FRIENDS GATHER OUTSIDE THE OLSON'S HOME AT 961 FRANKLIN AVE, (OUT OF FRAME TO RIGHT) CA. 1940
FRONT ROW: ELDRED, LORRAINE GRITTON, SHIRLEY LINDLEY, MARGIE, BERNIE, BYRON, BACK ROW: GRANNY (HANNAH OLSON), JENNY
LINDLEY, MARTHA, CECILIA, ALFRED, AXEL, AND OSCAR

ducks. She said, "I would rather you would talk to him. He is in back of the store. I think he saw you coming."

After talking to her a few minutes I walked to the back of the store, and John was sitting there looking a little glum. Of course my first question was, "How's ducks?"

He said, "The ducks were just fine. I didn't hurt a one."

"Well, how does the new gun work?"

"Oh," he said, "it was all right at least for the first couple of shots. After that I blowed the end off the barrel."

"How the h--- did you do that?"

He told me he must have gotten the end of the barrel in the mud, and off went the end of the barrel about one inch of it. With the next breath he said, "I've got a new one ordered and it should be here, so I can go with you fellows Sunday." He did not give up easily. Sunday morning bright and early we were on our way again and this trip things went along fine, not too many ducks, but not any trouble either.

LIVE DECOYS

Live decoys became quite the thing for duck hunting. With three of us boys hunting ducks, we decided to try and get some. This was not an easy thing to do. Those who had some surely didn't want to sell, and if they did, they asked quite a bit for them. The next best thing to do was to try and get some duck eggs. This

was not an easy problem to solve either. You could get duck eggs, but no telling what you would have after they hatched. They could be white or any other color and that just wouldn't do. We wanted mallards, and real wild birds if possible. It is often said nothing is impossible, but the one that said that never tried to track down a wild mallard when she is setting. The hen is like all birds, plenty careful when she goes to her nest, and very clever at hiding her nest.

Time went on and we tried everything. Finally my oldest brother Art and some of his friends made some trips down to Sand Island. This island was at the mouth of the Columbia River. It was quite a large island and we knew lots of ducks nested there. After many trips, and rough trips I might add, he got a total of six eggs, wild duck's eggs. We thought for sure we had it made.

The next step was to find a chicken that was setting. That wasn't hard to do because our neighbor had lots of them. The eggs were put very carefully under this hen, and she gladly sat on them. In due course of time they hatched out. We got four little ducks out of six eggs, not bad for a start. After the little ducks kept going in the water to swim and play, the old hen got mad and left them.

We kept a close eye on the little ducks, gathered them up, and put them in a pen we had made for this purpose. We had a large wash tub

for them to swim in and a large box for them to go in when the weather was bad.

Ducks are like any other bird or animal. They like shelter, too. We fed them some wheat and corn after they were older. When they were little, we gave them a sort of mash that was mixed in water. It was rather difficult to get the proper feed for them as very few people at this time knew too much about raising wild ducks. These birds grew quite fast after they got started, and it wasn't long before they had feathers. I had become the caretaker of the new birds and I watched everything they did.

When the feathers first came out, they all looked like hens and boy was I proud of that, four hens. Boy, we had it made. It was the hens that did the calling, and of course that was what we wanted. After doing a lot of bragging of how lucky we were to have all hens, the feathers on the ducks started to change. I just couldn't figure this one out, but change they did. When they became full-feathered there were three drakes and one hen. Boy, was I let

down.

As time went on I learned that there were a lot more drake mallards than there were hens. I would say at least three to one. The drakes made fine real looking decoys, but they didn't call like the hens. Now with three drakes and one hen my hopes were high. Maybe next time they hatched I'd get a couple more hens.

I discovered that some of the hen mallards set twice a year. The first set was in early spring and the second set in June or July. Some of the hens didn't set at all, but they still made fine decoys.

I made a larger pen for theme with wire screen over the top. The cover over the top kept crows and other birds such as hawks and so forth from getting the ducks, especially the little ones. I also got a pen to put the older ones into while the hens set.

The older ducks would kill the young ones, at least the drakes did. I had been cutting the tips of the wings on the old ones, so they wouldn't fly away. I just cut the very tip of the wing.

It did not hurt the ducks in any way, and it didn't take very long for the wing to grow back. I had learned a lot about mallards. It did help me in my duck hunting. They were a very smart bird. I called



to them like a mallard does, and they came running to me. They sure did get tame, especially if you fed them.

When we took them hunting with us, we took three apiece. The reason for this was three fit in an apple box just right. We usually took two hens and one drake. It seemed to work better that way. Most of the time there were three of us that hunted together. That gave us nine live decoys and that was quite a lot of noise when they saw ducks coming. They sure could hear and see. They would start to look and call when they were out of sight for us. Their hearing was marvelous, too. I don't believe color affects them much, but the brown color of our clothes did match the grass in the islands. At least it did in the late fall.

When we put our live decoys out, we kept them close to the blind, so we wouldn't make a mistake and shoot them. The drakes we kept quite deep in the grass. They were more or less used to keep the hens on their toes. At first they were a little scared of the noise from the shot guns, but they soon got used to it and didn't pay any attention to the shooting. These live decoys were a great help to us, at least at the first of the season. You could be sure the wild ducks soon got wise to them, and when the hens started to call, away they went. As I stated earlier they are a smart bird. When we saw

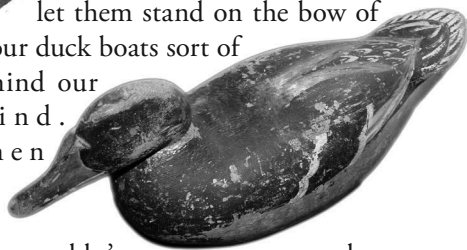
they had scared the wild ducks, we took them in and let them stand on the bow of our duck boats sort of behind our blind.

Then they couldn't see the wild ducks as well, and maybe not at all.

During this time we fed them and let them dry and oil their feathers. Ducks that are raised on land and don't have to keep oil on their feathers will drown if you leave them in the water too long. After some close calls with them, we made sure this didn't happen. I loaned them to other hunters and had this happen. I didn't like to lose decoys this way, so I had to stop loaning them out.

I had three ducks that I took with me, and they were my pets. I did not loan them out to anyone. When we first started to use live decoys, we used a collar around their neck. It had a buckle so we could adjust it to fit. This method was not much of a success. After the usual time for trial and error, we hit on the idea of making a harness for them.

We were not the first to use a harness by any means. There were lots of other duck hunters using them on their live decoys, too. Ed, the fisherman I hunted with for quite some time, also hunted with an Indian



friend of his. This Indian was a member of the Chinook tribe. He was not a full-blooded Indian. I think he was about three quarter breed. He was a clever hunter, as all those fellows are. It was through him that the harness was first perfected. We also added some changes.

This Chinook was very clever at painting decoys. They had lots of patience and could do good work if they wanted to. This harness we used was made out of cotton string, quite heavy twine about a number thirty-six. All there was to it was two loops tied together with the two ends of string about ten inches long. In the first loop or smallest one, we put a small swivel. The next loop that was larger was made to go over the decoy's head and around her neck. The two ends of string were put around the duck's wings.

That was under the wings and fastened to the small loop. This small loop would set about on the duck's breast. The swivel would in time all but disappear in her breast feathers. The other loop around her neck and the string under her wings did not bother the bird in any way.

They got so used to the harness that they didn't know they had it on. We left the harness on the ducks at all times. The only thing we took off was the string that led from the small loop and swivel to the lead sinker that held the duck in place while we were hunting with them. Otherwise they

could swim and fly or do anything with the harness on. When the season was over, we took the harness off till next year and then we would make a new one.

I had about twelve or fourteen decoys, mostly mallard drakes, but I had five real good calling hens. I had somewhat of a problem keeping all the ducks in pens, and they were also difficult to feed so many. By that I mean the big birds were sure to get their share and then some. It's strange the way they do. If a duck is say hurt or maybe ill for a few days, all the others pick on it and naturally it would get very little to eat.

I was trying now to let the older birds go out of the pens at day light hours anyway. I didn't clip their wings any more. I stopped clipping their wings so they could fly when dogs or other animals came after them. They all seemed to stay pretty close to home. I had seen the whole flock of them jump up and fly if they had to. I fed them in the evening and that way I could get them in their pen for the night.

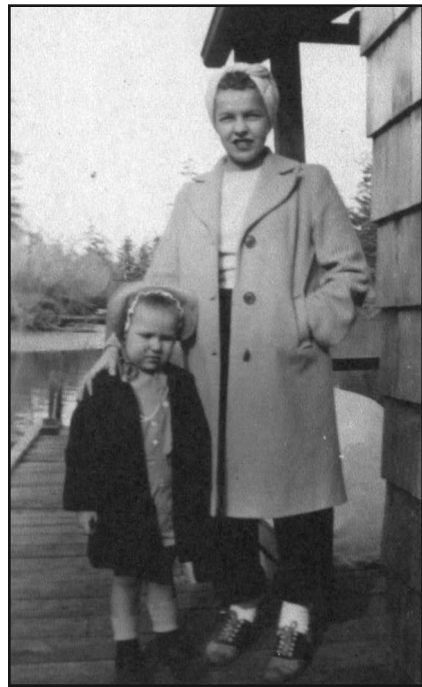
There was something of a problem with the hens when they set. They hid their nest real good like all birds do. I never knew how many small ones I had. I waited until they came home with the mother hen. I always penned the mother and her young ones up for about three or four weeks, so they could get a little start in life.

I came home from work one eve-

ning about six o'clock, and a neighbor boy met me. He told me that my hen mallard and her four small ones were in the main sewer over by his house. These young ones were pretty good size, but the old hen was still with them. There was a drain coming from the hill in back of my house. This drain at times in the winter ran full of water that came from springs in the hill, but in summer time there was very little water in it. The pipe was about eighteen inches deep and about thirty-six inches across. It was sort of a half a pipe open on the top, made out of corrugated galvanized iron. Where it started, it was level with the ground. This was where the mother hen and her four small ones got in the pipe. There was-always some water in it. These birds naturally walked along feeding and enjoying the fresh water, for how long I couldn't tell. They stayed in the pipe and went with the water flow till they got to the end which emptied into the main sewer that led to the river Columbia. From the drain to where the ducks were in the main sewer was about two blocks. There was a drop of about four feet down to the big outlet. I suppose some of the small ducks fell in there first and the old hen went after them. Anyway they were all in there and couldn't get out. When this neighbor boy told me about them, I went over to see what I could do to help them. I called to them and the old hen answered, but she would not

come out unless the little ones did. Back home I went, got me a ten foot board, nailed some cleats on it, took along some grain, and back I went to the sewer.

I put this board down in the large culvert and hoped they would walk on up the board and out. I also spread the grain along the cleats for added incentive. The mother duck could come out easily, but she wanted the little ones to come out first. After about a half hour of waiting and everything was quiet, the first little one came out fol-



SANDY OLSON ROBINSON WITH PEGGY
KUJALA OLSON, WIFE OF SANDY'S FIRST
COUSIN, ELDRED OLSON. CA. 1947.

lowed by the other three small ones. Then the old hen came out. I helped them with this same board to get out of the half open pipe. Then I spread some more grain for them to feed on as I walked towards home. They all followed me, and the excitement was over. Not long afterwards this open drain was taken out and a permanent pipe put in, not just to protect my ducks, though it did help.

THE BUS RIDE

This apple box we used for the live decoys was a sort of a multi-purpose thing. We carried the decoys, live ones that is, in the box. It was just right for three of them. We also used it to sit on in the blind when the tide was out. It made a real nice seat, not an over-stuffed chair type, but fine for us. It also served as a make shift sea anchor. We used it when we were gill-netting. When it was real rough, it wasn't the best to tie on to the net. It affected the fishing of the net, especially the diver net. This was the one that sank to the bottom of the river and did its fishing that way. We would tie a line around the box, and then put our sounding lead inside the box so it would sink and stay deep in the water. Then we would tie the boat to this line, and it would keep the boat from drifting too far from the net.

I used to have one problem with this handy box, and that was when I hunted alone. I had no car, and lots of times I would get back from hunt-

ing quite late and couldn't get a ride back home. I lived about thirty blocks from the cannery where the boat was, and that was quite a long punch on foot. There was a city bus running in those days, and I would try to ride on them. Some of the drivers would get quite uptight when I came with my live decoys, my limit of birds, and my shot gun. I would take the gun down, so there was no danger there. I had a sack I'd put the decoy box on, so there was no danger there either.

The first time I tried it, the driver said, "You can't come on this bus with that outfit."

I said, "Why the hell can't I. I've got the dime."

He said, "I'll put you off."

I told him, "You just try it." Of course I was just bluffing, although I'm a big two-hundred pound man, and I guess I looked pretty tough to him. I had quite a flock of whiskers usually by the time I'd get back from the hunt. So anyway I got home on the bus. He squawked all the way home, the bus driver that is, not my decoys. I didn't care. I got a ride home.

Like everything else, you get wiser with experience. After the first time I waited till the driver went in the corner store where the bus stopped to turn around to go back to town. I guess he went to the bathroom and always bought a can of snooze. While he was doing this, I would get on the bus with my outfit, sit way in the back, and be quiet. I'd put my dime in the

pay box on the way in. He would come back, turn the bus around, and start for town. If he did see me, and I'm sure he did, he wouldn't say anything and everything went peacefully. You can always get more flies with sugar, and a little diplomacy.

The live decoys are like other methods of hunting ducks, new always replace the old. I do think the live decoys had their rewards, but they were some bother also. I always tried to take good care of them, like I would any other net. That's what they were to me.

We had a real bad winter in the thirties. We had freezing weather

and snow for most of five weeks. I carried water and food for the ducks before I went to work in the mornings and I also worked with them in the evenings.

The pen I used was quite small for the birds I had at this time. I must have had 18 to 20 live decoys. My neighbor had a larger pen. It was not completely covered, but much better than mine. He also had a spring that ran through his pen. In spite of the long freeze, there was some water for the birds.

One morning while I was working with the birds, he asked me to move them to his pen. He thought

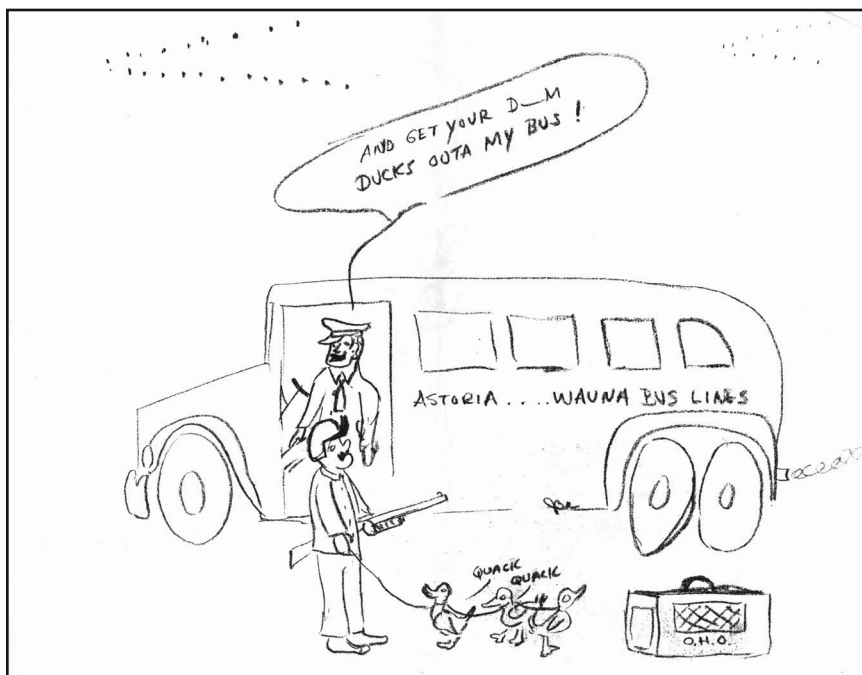


IMAGE COURTESY OF SANDY ROBINSON

THE BUS RIDE, SKETCH BY JACK ROBINSON.

it would be a better place. I thanked him and told him I would do it the next weekend. This I did. I had the birds in the new pen about a week, when the freezing weather came to an end. I figured after all my hard work, I would see them through the tough winter. This was not to be so. I came out to the pen one morning and some kind of vicious animal, I don't know what, maybe a weasel or maybe a mink, had gotten into the pen and killed every duck I had. The ground was still frozen, so to check for tracks was impossible.

The birds were scattered all over the ground in the pen, some were dead, others had broken wings, and some were all torn up. The ones that had some life in them I had to put out of their suffering. It was a sorrowful sight for me to look at. Before it was all cleaned up the neighbor came to help me. He felt real bad as though it was his fault because he had me move them to his pen. I told him it was just one of those things that happen, and I'm sure we did the best we could. This was all the live decoy hunting I ever did.

Wooden decoys were of course used long before live decoys were ever thought of, and I'm sure a long time after. I have stated earlier in the story about my decoys that were made of wood. They were not the best kind because good ones cost money, in fact, they were quite high. Some I had were quite crude, more or less like a block

of wood that had some shape to it to resemble a duck. The workmanship was rough and so was the painting on them. They were solid wood with lead weights to give them stability. This made them very heavy. A dozen or so was all we could handle in our small duck boats.

After using this type for a number of years, I got some wooden decoys that were made of red cedar and were hollowed out. These were not only much lighter, but they were hand-painted and were a much better decoy.

As the years passed, plastic decoys were the new thing. They were real light, but they did float on the water kind of lightly and like every other kind of decoy, they needed to be improved on.

The next type I had was made of a rubber-like material. They had to be blown up. They also had a sort of a built in weight that made them sit on the water very steadily. I liked this type real well.

I also have some hand-carved wooden teal decoys. These were made by an old sail ship captain. He had done a beautiful paint job on them. How old these teal decoys are I would just have to guess. I have had them over forty years myself, and they were old when I got them. They must be at least sixty-five or seventy years old. I don't use them now. I'll keep them for souvenirs.

...To be continued. ♣

RUPP FAMILY TIMBER IN CLATSOP COUNTY

By Norman Rupp

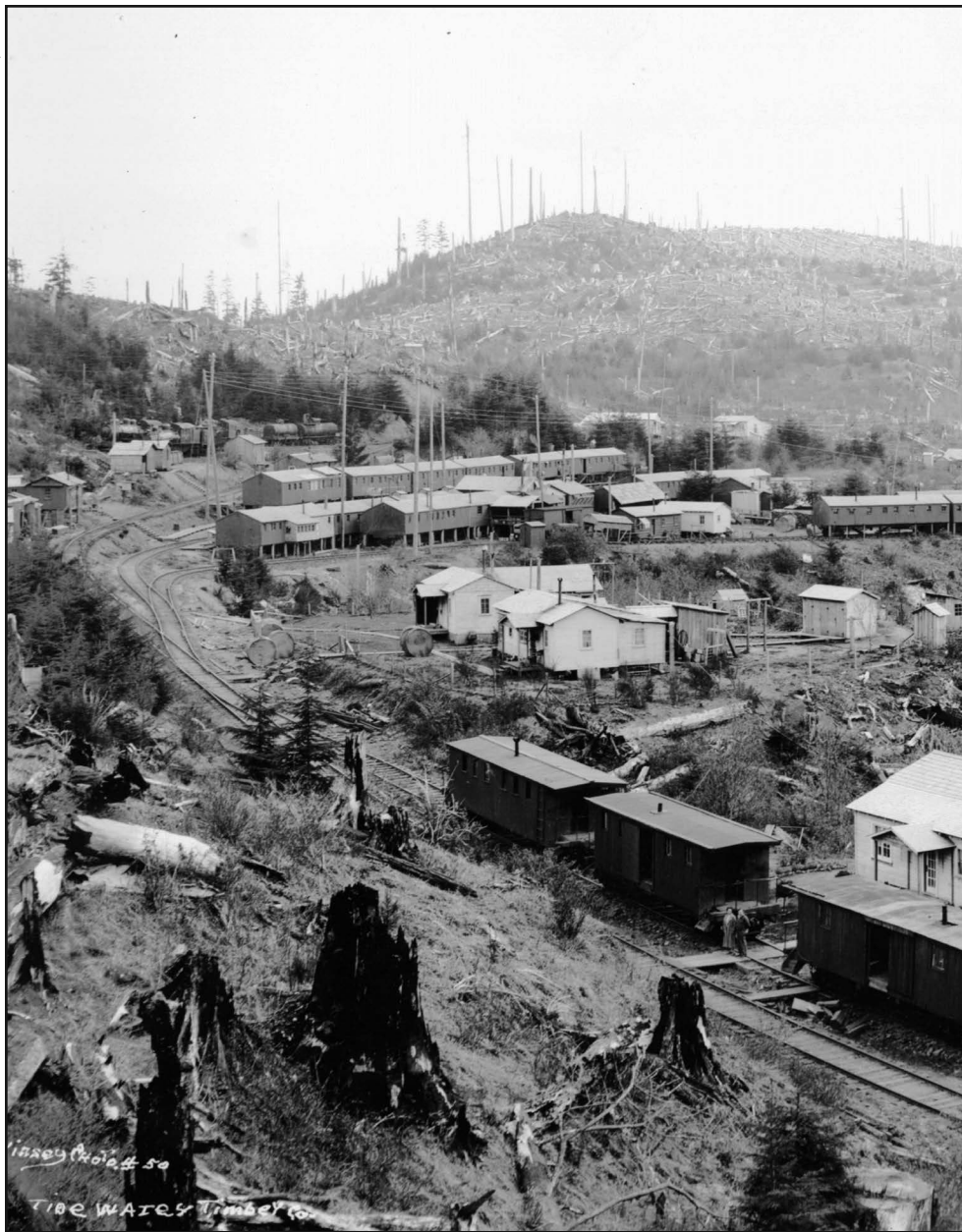
MY GRANDFATHER, John Jacob Rupp, came to America from Germany as an infant. He grew up on a farm in the thumb of Michigan. As a teenager he left for Saginaw where he worked for a successful timber executive. Over the years he saved his money and bought various small parcels of timber adjacent to timber land being bought by his boss. The timber in Michigan was ultimately “cut out” so the “timber barons” started buying and selling in Minnesota. They bought the best trees. The timber was cut out and the usual profits made. Unfortunately, the nearby lower grade timber would have been a better buy as it grew over the famous Mesabi Range of iron ore and timber rights included mineral rights.

The timber barons continued to buy and sell timber in the Midwest and South until the profitable tracts of timber were mostly cut-out. They then turned to the Northwest where there were massive tracts of fir and pine. My grandfather bought beautiful timber in the lower Nehalem River area. This was around 1913. The demand for timber at that time was for tracts

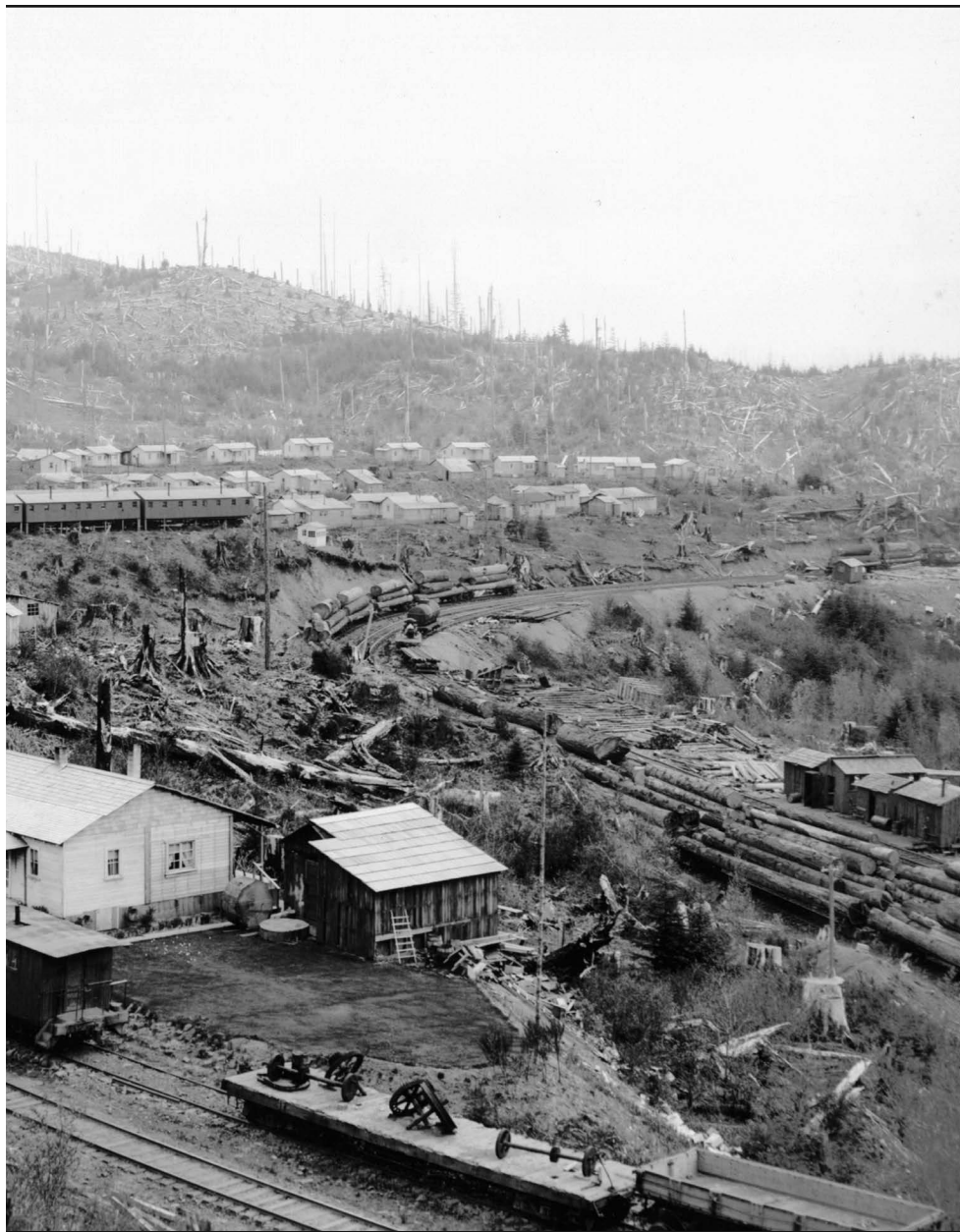
closer to the mills. As the years passed by our family had to pay significant property taxes. When the town of Jewell rebuilt the grade school with brick instead of wood it upset him as he felt he’d paid a lot of the cost.

My dad moved to Portland so as to be able to manage potential sales of timber. There he was a most eligible bachelor, a Yale graduate with money. He married my mother and they raised my sister born in 1919 and me, in 1922. Besides the Nehalem timber he worked on other timber matters.

Starting in the later twenties Brix-Woodward Timber Co. developed a large logging operation on the Nehalem River at the mouth of Buster Creek and was cutting a lot of our timber. They operated three railroad “shows”. One went west towards Flagpole Ridge. One went across the Nehalem River and another went up Buster Creek. I’m not sure but I think the logs were hauled out to the Kerry Road line that ended north on the Columbia River. After the fire when Tidewater Lumber Co. was operating the camp they were sending logs over the hill to Youngs Bay.



TIDEWATER TIMBER COMPANY RAILROAD CAMP. THE LIGHT COLORED HOUSE IN THE FOREGROUND
THE HOUSE BURNED IN NOVEMBER



OUND WAS THE HOME OF H. EDMOND, BERNICE, AND SHERYL BAKER (GINN) FROM 1935 TO 1942.
MBER OF 1942. (SEE ALSO PAGE 47)

When the Depression hit it apparently forced Brix-Woodward into bankruptcy. Tidewater Timber Co. took over the logging camp which was expansive. When Brix-Woodward operated they had several locomotives. There was a large machine shop with a big roundtable so that more than one locomotive could be serviced. Today I believe one can still see the Brix forge sitting in a field where the camp was.

The great fires of 1933 changed everything. The fire that burned our family's timber was called the Wolf Creek Burn. It was not part of the Tillamook Burn but was apparently set near Birkenfeld by a bum that wanted work fighting fires. Tidewater operated for a limited time but they too could not keep the large operation going.

It was great fun for me when Dad took the family down to Jewell. One pleasure was to be able to operate the little Speeder on the rails. Another was to ride the caboose on the log train across the high trestles. It was about 1935 when we stayed at the camp for a good part of the summer. I enjoyed fishing in Buster Creek and climbing on the locomotives. Because of the steep grades these were Shay and Climax type locomotives that were geared down for heavy pulls.

My sister made some local friends and enjoyed going to the local Grange Hall for a dance. Our swimming hole was near the bridge across the Nehalem. We also made friends with some of the local farm people including the Pope and Tweedle families.

With the logging camp closed



ONE OF THE B. W. (BRIX-WOODWARD) LOGGING COMPANY'S STEAM LOCOMOTIVES.

down Dad had to find somebody to log the burned timber. Since it was the Depression my dad was advised that the burned timber had to be harvested immediately or the bug growth and rot would destroy the value of it. One of the first Gyppos he contacted was a high-climber who had obtained a Ford truck and an arch and was ready to log. It was George Van Vleit who ultimately made enough money logging that he could buy a sawmill in Rainier. Other Gyppos were Dave Moehnke, Clay Dooley and Reed Holding. My family, including two aunts, recovered around \$750,000 which was just about enough to repay the bank loan my grandfather had made with the Second National Bank of Saginaw, Michigan. With the price per thousand board feet of \$2.00 or \$2.50 there was no profit left. As for it rotting, timber in the Tillamook Burn was still usable when the war started in 1942 and the stumpage price was around \$15 per Board foot.

I have happy memories of visits to the “Nehalem” as we referred to the area. Unfortunately, my father died in 1942 from a heart attack. He had continued to broker timber sales after selling the burned over “Nehalem” timber. My mother remarried in about 1949 to a lumberman, Wilson Clark. I became involved with only one timber sale made together with Dad’s timber cruiser in another part of the state. ♣

J. J. Rupp’s land holdings in 1915 in the Jewell area. Township 5 North, Range 7 West.

Section	Acres	\$ Value
S1	9.32	\$27
S2	240	\$5,623
S3	148.56	\$4,895
S12	30	\$255
S19	90	\$1,597
S21	90	\$4,740
S22	45	\$2,487
S24	80	\$170
S24	73.82	\$714
S25	119.44	\$120
S26	115.83	\$120
S26	120	\$4,800
S29	240	\$1,230
S30	300	\$7,980
S31	240	\$5,482
S32	173.41	\$2,007
S33	60	\$1,905
S34	120	\$3,580
S35	300	\$8,775

Total acreage owned by J. J. Rupp in Township 15N, R7W in Clatsop County in 1915 was just below 2,600. Rupp had other acreage in Clatsop County and other areas of Oregon.

The Northwest Digital Archives (NWDA) has an online guide to the Norman Rupp papers from the University of Oregon Libraries. The NWDA link is <http://nwda-db.orbiscascade.org/findaid/ark:/80444/xv00691>

The collection includes the diaries of John J. Rupp, 1875-1927, letters, books, journals and ledgers.

THE OLD AND THE MODERN WAYS OF CANNING SALMON

By T.E.P. Keegan
Superintendent, Taku Harbor Cannery

THIS ARTICLE, written 50 years ago for the first Yearbook is of particular interest in that it is devoted to contrasting "modern" salmon canning in 1903 with the "old ways," going back to the barest beginnings of salmon canning 40 years earlier. [Cumtux Editor's note: Much of the change in canning salmon from 1860s to 1903 is due to Mathias Jensen's inventions.]

...Glancing back through the space of time to 40 years ago [1853], we find that the methods of canning in those days were very crude compared with the modern ways of today [1903].

LARGE ADVANCE IN '70 S [1870 S]

However, the hands of ingenuity did not make any material advancement in the line of improvements until the latter part of the Seventies. About that time the soldering machine and retorts came into use, and gradually other machines were invented and installed in the cannery plants, so that in these present days of canning, one man, with the aid of machinery, does as much work in one day as it required six men

to do in the old, crude way. Prior to the installation of the machinery in the canneries, the hands were employed by the day, and the different plants employed, according to their size, from 100 to 350 employees.

I will now devote a little space to explaining the different work required to prepare the canned article for the market without the aid of machinery by first commencing with the labor of making cans.

CAN-MAKING BY HAND

The tin plate being squared in the square shears, was then cut into proper sized pieces for can bodies and eight of these pieces in a bunch were passed through the can-forming machine (consisting of three steel rollers) and rolled into shape. Eight of these rolls were taken at a time by each Chinaman working at the seamer bench, and by him one tin at a time was placed on the seamer cylinder (each Chinaman having a set of two such cylinders at his bench) in a way so that the two edges of the tin would come tightly together,

and be held under the edge of a thick piece of slate, held in a frame over the cylinder, and raised off of the cylinder by a spring.

A cut drop of solder and a particle of resin being placed on the seam next to the slate was evenly distributed over the seam by a hot seaming copper made for that purpose. (A number of the canneries of the present day [1903] still seam cans as above described.) The can was then seamed on the inside by a man or boy having a pointed copper and from him it went to the bottom table. The bottom edge of the tin being dipped into a dish or vessel containing a piece of old netting or waste saturated with acid, then the bottom was placed on it, and a cut drop of solder dropped into the can; then it was ready for the "floater," as the man was termed whose work it was to solder on the bottoms. The floating was done by inserting a specially-made copper into the can. The copper was flared at the end so that it was semi-circular at its edge, and it enabled the "floater" to perform his work very quickly. As soon as the cans were made they were taken to the reamer to have the top edge reamed out (the purpose of which will be explained later on in the process of canning) and then were piled up ready for use.

A number of the Columbia River canneries in those days would commence can making during the month of December, so as to have the work completed by the first of April. Others would commence work early in the

spring, and keep the tin shop crew at work during the entire season.

PREPARATION OF THE FISH

Upon the opening of the fishing season, the following routine of work was necessary to prepare the fish for canning and to place the same upon the market.

The fish having been landed on the wharf, they passed through the hands of the butchers to the slimmers (in the same way that is in vogue in a number of the canneries at the present day), and from them to the gang knives operated by hand, to be cut into pieces or lengths to correspond with the height of the can. It was then passed onto a table and chopped into smaller pieces length wise by one of more Chinamen using extra large butcher knives. From the choppers it was carried in boxes to the filling tables to be filled into the cans. The cans were then carried in trays to a long table where the top edge was wiped by hand with a cloth; they were then passed on by sliding on the table to another crew of men whose work was to top the can by placing the top inside of the reamed edge and then place the cans upright in trays holding twenty-four cans each. The trays were then carried to the soldering men working at benches, and they would then proceed with a square-end copper in one hand and a bar of solder in the other, to distribute the solder evenly around the inside of the reamed edge, as it was melted by the hot copper, and with a few dexterous

movements of the copper to smoothen the solder and give it a neat, smooth appearance. He would then proceed to the next can and continue until all the cans in the tray were soldered. As soon as a tray of cans were soldered, the number of the soldering man was marked on the top of the can with a piece of red slate or chalk by a man or boy. He would then inspect the soldering with a scratch awl to detect any leaks or holes that might be in the solder. The leaky cans found were returned to the soldering man to be mended, and as soon as a tray of cans were passed, the vent holes in the top were stopped by a man having a stopping copper for that purpose.

TESTING AND EXHAUSTING

The cans were then placed in coolers and wheeled into the bathroom and there tested for more leaks and defects in the cans, by placing the coolers in a square kettle of warm water (into which a quantity of salt had been dissolved), and by an expert the leaks can be picked out readily. The leaky cans from the test kettle were returned to the solderer (whose number corresponded with the number on the can), to be mended.

As soon as six coolers had been tested in the test kettle, they were then placed in a kettle (of a series of kettles) of boiling water and boiled for an hour and a half, but finally the time was cut down to one hour. The boiling time having expired, the coolers were removed from the kettle to a long table by a block and tackle; and as soon as placed on the table

the cans were then tested for hot leaks by striking the top of the cans with a mallet. Having tested the cans for hot leaks, they were then punctured or vented by striking the top with a mallet having a small sharp brad in one side of it. The venting is for the purpose of excluding the air from the can.

THE PROCESS COOK IN A SALT BRINE BATH

Having finished venting the cans, the vents were stopped with a stopping copper. A cover made of thin hoop iron was then fastened over the cans to the coolers, and the coolers were then placed in a kettle (of a second series of kettles) of salt water and were boiled for two hours. The salt was put into the kettle so as to bring the water when boiling to the required heat of 240 degrees, as that high temperature was required to thoroughly cook the fish.

The two hours having passed, the coolers were taken from the second or final cooking and were dipped into a kettle of strong, boiling hot solution of caustic soda to remove all salt, dirt and grease from the cans so that they would be perfectly clean for lacquering. Having been washed in the caustic soda, they were then rinsed with a stream of cold water from a hose and the coolers were spread out on the floor of the packing room to cool. When cold, the cans were tested in the coolers by striking them on the head with a large nail in the same manner as in vogue at this day, and then piled up in piles.

The lacquering process in those days was dipping one can at a time in a large can of lacquer and then placing it on a drain rack. The cans being lacquered were then ready to be labeled, that work being done by hand.

In those days the percentage of leaks or swell heads was very large, and a vast amount of cans were thrown away or destroyed, and the canners did not have the knowledge of saving the leaks that they have today, as that knowledge has been acquired after a great many years of experience and experimenting, and the loss of a great many thousands of dollars. [See Thad Trullinger's reminiscence in the Fall 2004 issue of Cumtux about rescuing cans that had been thrown away by the Kinney Cannery and melting them down for the tin and solder that they sold back to M. J. Kinney for good money and in the process annoying all the neighbors with the smell of rotten salmon.]

MACHINE CAN-MAKING

As I have practically given a view of the process in use in the old pioneer days I will now give for comparison, a sketch of the modern methods now in use [1903].

Commencing in the tin shop, we find that the can-making is done completely by machinery, as a number of the canneries are equipped with can-making machines. There are now machines in use, where tin, having been squared by square shears, is passed through slitters and cut into the proper

sizes, and then passing through rollers is formed into can bodies, and by a simple device carried through the lock seam attachment which turns over the edges of the tin and presses them together. The seam is then soldered by passing through the soldering attachment of the machine, and coming out is then carried on a belt through a machine that can be adjusted to place either tops or bottoms on the cans. If the topping machine has a crimper attachment, the tops or bottoms are crimped onto the can very tightly. If the machine is without the crimper attachment the can is again carried on a belt and run through a separate crimper, and then through the acid bed to the soldering machine. In the soldering machine the can is carried through by a chain, the can lying flatways at a slight angle, and the bottom end resting against a back bar placed over the soldering pan. As the can is carried through by the chain the bottom end passes through the space or opening that is between the back and front bars, containing the molten solder, the revolving motion of the can as it is being rolled through, nicely adheres the solder to the tin. From the soldering machine the can is carried upright on a belt, or rolls through a run-way for a distance of about 30 feet and drops into a basket, and is then taken to the storing room to be placed in the pile of cans.

First Fish-Cleaning Machines Are in Use

The cans having been made, and the fish delivered on the wharf, the butchers

then proceed to prepare the salmon for the gang knives, which are operated by power. Some of the canneries at the present time are equipped with fish cleaning machines, which, with the aid of a very small number of men, clean the fish very quickly. The fish having been cut into proper lengths, by passing through the gang knives, the pieces fall into a bin and are then passed into the hopper of the can filling machine. The cans are fed into and filled by the machine automatically. The filled cans pass from the filler on a belt through an automatic weighing machine, and by the same belt through the washing machine, and are held in position by a top and bottom clamp, and are washed with a jet of steam, or a jet of steam and water, to remove any slime or particles of fish that may be adhering to the outside of the can. Passing through the washer, they are conveyed by another belt through the topping machine, and the tops are adjusted on to the cans very quickly, and the cans are then conveyed by belt in the same manner as in can making, through the crimper, acid bed and soldering machine. Having passed through the soldering machine, they are then conveyed by belt or runway through a small jet of water to cook the solder. At the end of the runway or conveyor they are then placed upright into coolers and the vent hole is stopped with a drop of solder.

PROCESSING BY RETORT

The coolers are placed in the test

kettle and the cans tested in the same manner, as heretofore described, and are then placed upon cars (each car holding six coolers) standing on a track, and are rolled into a steam box. As soon as the box is filled and the door closed, steam is turned on and fish is cooked from 45 minutes to one hour, the temperature being kept at the boiling point (every steam box being fitted with a thermometer). As soon as cooking time elapses, the cans are removed from the boxes and the coolers are then placed on tables and tested for hot leaks, vented and stopped in the same way as when the kettles were in use. The coolers are again placed on cars and are rolled into iron retorts, door closed, steam turned on and are cooked from 60 to 75 minutes at a temperature of 240 degrees, the salmon being now thoroughly cooked, the cars are rolled from the retort to the kettle containing the solution of caustic soda, and are then rinsed by dipping the coolers into a tank of running water. The coolers are laid out to cool and the cans are tested by sound with a nail. The cans being ready for lacquer are put through a lacquering machine that can handle 1500 cases a day, and from that machine into one or more labeling machines that handle 1,000 cases a day each, and are then cased up ready for shipment.

The percentage of leaks is very small and very few cans are thrown away, as the leaks are properly taken care of in time. ♣

MATHIAS JENSEN DIARY

Edited by Liisa Penner

ACCORDING TO John N. Cobb in the 1911 U.S. Bureau of Fisheries Document No. 751, *The Salmon Fisheries of the Pacific Coast*: "One of the most noted men the Columbia River produced was Mathias Jensen, a Dane, who fished there for some years. He achieved especial fame from his important inventions in canning machinery. His first invention, however, was a machine for filling needles for knitting salmon nets. He next invented a can-filling machine which is in common use to-day. He also invented the first topping machine, which was a marked success. The patent rights of both these machines were sold to the Alaska Packers Association. These machines were all made at the plant of the Astoria Iron Works at Astoria, of which Mr. John Fox was the founder."*

The improvements in the technology of the canning industry came about through intensive efforts of men like Mathias Jensen. His unpublished journal at the Clatsop County Historical Society, dating from 1889 to 1899, gives us a unique view of this man's efforts in this line. It also reveals the difficulties inventors face defending inventions from predator

inventors, studying other patents to prevent infringing on them, selling cannery operators on the usefulness of the machines, making changes to inventions that were not designed perfectly, and repairing machines ill-treated after installation. Much of his time was spent in court or writing letters to defend his rights to his inventions.

Note: The diary contains about 160 pages filled with cursive writing and about 35 unused pages so possibly four to six pages are missing at the front. The first surviving entry begins in the middle of a sentence in November 1889, probably on the 4th. The 8 ½ x 5 ½ inch diary was sent to CCHS from C. R. Goodman Bookseller in Stillwater, Minnesota in 1991. An emigrant from Denmark, Jensen's spelling was rough in the early part of the diary but improved through time. He used no punctuation.

Who was Mathias Jensen? A biography of Mathias Jensen appears in Rev. H. K. Hines *An Illustrated History of the State of Oregon*, published by the Lewis Publishing Company, Chicago 1893, pages 1091 and 1092:

"M. Jensen, president of the Jensen Can Filling Machine Company, of

Astoria, was born in Denmark in 1836. He was educated in the schools of that country, reared upon a farm and continued to engage in agricultural pursuits until 1863, when he embarked for the United States, and in due course of time arrived in New York. Proceeding to Colorado, he followed mining for three years, then went to Pennsylvania and engaged in railroad work until 1867, when he followed coal mining in Illinois, and later in Wyoming, then his inventive genius began working, and he produced a machine for the rapid loading of box cars, carrying coal to the ends, and saving the work of two men. He labored in coal and gold-placer mining in Wyoming until 1873 when he came to Astoria and engaged in salmon fishing. The repairing of nets suggested the Jensen Needle-filling Machine, which supplied a long-felt want, but with the limited market 450 machines filled the demand, and in 1879 he returned to fishing. In 1881 he perfected a netting machine, which turned out the work the same as by hand, but this interfered with the work of the fishermen during the idle season, and the union objected to the machine being used. In 1883 Mr. Jensen patented his can filling machine, which packs the fresh salmon in one-pound cans, at the rate of forty-eight cans per minute, doing the work of sixteen men. About 120 of these machines are now in Alaska. His can-capping and crimping and

can body-forming and side seam-soldering machines are practical inventions, and are both in use. His latest invention is for the manufacture of gill-nets, tying with the double knot and netting 300 feet per hour.

In 1883 Mr. Jensen incorporated the Jensen Can-Filling Machine Company, with factory on Benton street [8th now], near the wharf. Mr. Jensen gives his undivided attention to the perfecting and manufacture of his several machines, all of which are labor-saving and will materially cheapen the canning process."

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The 1889 and 1890 R. L. Polk directories for Astoria list Mathias Jensen at O'Brien's Hotel. This hotel was run by Theresa O'Brien and was located on the west side of 17th Street between Commercial and Duane streets.

Although biographical information on Jensen is sketchy, the diary gives us an extraordinary opportunity to study his inner world, one that was directed toward finding solutions to mechanical problems. To put himself in the proper frame of mind to work on his inventions, Jensen first prepared his body by fasting and praying. To the outside world, he must have seemed a bit strange. He reflected on this in an entry from December 22, 1889, when he wrote: "It is said that ingenuity [ingenuity] is the twin Brother to insenity [insanity] but ingenuity knows that insenity is his

relative Brother while Insenity thinks ingenuity is a Fool of an other Family.” Because he felt that it was God who gave him the solutions to problems he was trying to solve, he concluded that it was the Devil who attempted to make him fail and those who sued him over infringement of their patent rights (primarily the Norton Brothers of Chicago) were tools of the Devil.

A sample of entries from the diary follows, much of it technical.

Nov 5th 1889: Conceived plan for a new Can header with oscilating guiding tongs as registering device.

Nov 6th 1889: Received application Papers for Sheet Metal Can Body Forming Machne from Munn and Co examined signed and well pleased with the same.

Conceived Ideas for combination of certain crimper with Can Header and continues [continuous] rotating motion of Can Header for the same on similar to the Jensen Crimper

Nov 7th 1889: Studied hard on locking guideing tongs but no diffined conclusion

Nov 8th 1889: Studied on continuous rotating Can Header but no diffinet plan

Nov 9th 1889: Written to Robinson S.F. [San Francisco] about his Crimper and settled on a plan for continuous rotating can Header.

A Valid Patent is a usefull invention should be recognized as Gods own property for it is his gift to the

Inventors but it should cover only the primaries [?] as the rest is a gift of the Public for the life of the Patent.

Nov 11th 1889: Studied on locks for guiding tongs

Nov 12: Decided on mode of locking the tongs and revolving disks for feeding heads and body

Nov 13: Studied on regulaters for feeding heads and bodies commenced new drawings different from the plan started on Novmbr 5th (The Boy left to make a can header himself. [Perhaps a problem with one of his laborers at the iron works.]

Nov 14: Conceived Idea of fixing [?] the Can at right angle from the place it enteres under the Crimper

Nov 15: Studded a simple way of locking the tongs but finely discarded as less durable

Nov 16: Conceived new Idea of locking the guiding the tongs and decided to use it

Usefful invention is for the publics interest an for the interes of those that invents if they try to deserve it

Jan 3, 1890: Fasted 36 ouhrs and praed for cleansing of mind and body.

Jan 3, 1890: Careless exposser after fasting and caught a cold.

Jan. 4 to 23, 1890: Sick

Feb 24, 1890: Written to Mother Written to my Sister Hanne. Finished Drawings on modle [model] for Can Capper & Crimper

Mar 5, 1890: Received letter from my Broder P. Jensen (Musitian)

Voke up at night and conceived

Idea how to increas the speed of new Capper & Crimper simply by moving and locate the centers of feeding disks at different point.

Mar 17, 1890: Written to my Sister Dortha and to Hattie Olson Bakker Citty Oregon Written to John Olson Vancouver and worked on Drawings on Cap & Crimp Modle [model].

March 19: Received Application Papers for Patent on outside Soldering and worked on Drawings for C C Modle

April 13, 1890: The doctrin of swindling others who would otherways swindle us if they could is devilish and is to the Consien the same as Opium to the Body.

May 1 1890: Commence Studying on full width Netting Machine

May 5, 1890: Studied and making Drawing for flat Can Heads

May 8 1890: Commenced drawings on doble not [knot] Netting Machine for full Widt Net

May 9 1890: Fasted 36 Houors till May 10th in order to invoke the gift of such perception as vil enable me to construct a double Not Netting Machine in proper Manner. Conceived how to work the Spool thread through the end of a steel bar and than to pull the Net of the pegs and tighten the Nots at the same time.

May 10 1890: Worked on Drawings for Netting Machine and conceived [?] to operate the different parts by Cams on three different axles.

June 3, 1890: Received tin from

Mr. [Samuel] Elmore for macking Canbodies but could not make it into Canbodies on account of its springy nature conceived how to overcome that difficult by alteration in the Machine

June 5: Had the alteration completed at Noon and commenced making Cans which at first appeared to work all right but soon found it impossible to regulate the hight of the Solder (The [height] could not be kept even) Wended to my Room at 4 Oclock and prayed to God for thoughts to compleet the Machine

June 20 1890: Visited by Norton Bro. Lawyer Mr. Addoe from Chicago He proposed to Complimize on terms that I considered Worthless to me

June 22, 1890: It is over 3 Months since I commence Work on the Invention for Soldering the Seams of Can Bodies on the outside only and I have made continual alterations for the last 6 weeks saa [so] as to complete it to satisfaction but without success. I will therfor subject meselve to fasting 36 Ouhrs after this Day saa as to invoke Gods Help for compleeting said Invention. I do this not knowing why except to manifest my Willingness to endure in Order to succeed in my Undertakings.

August 15 1890: Written information to the Cannners in order to solicit new subscribers for buying Stock in Our Co [company].

September 27: Conceived how to move the thread over the Shotles

inplace of moving the shutles [for net making machine].

Oct 7 1890: Finding the modle I had adabted for holding the Shotles to be useless but conseive a new and better plan both for holding and free passage for thread

Oct 16 1890: Finding difficults appearantly Unsurmountable but believe that God has led me to begin and will lead me to end with success

Oct 26 1890: Received report from Elmores Cannery at Tellimook the can making machine could not be worked to advantage

Had Stockholders Meeting and resolved to take the can making machine home again and buy tin for experiment in macking cans till it works sattisfactory if possible.

Oct 28: Still experimenting with movements and paying for useless work in alterations but conceived a mode of movements different from the mode contemplated at first and more suitable

Nov 10, 1890: Conducted improvement on the Can Making Machine and construction of the cams in netting modle of which now is yet sattisfactory but find it can be accomplice with less motion of diferent devitions in fact the same mode of motion in tying the knots as I conceived about 6 years ago when I tried but faild to organize a stock Co for macking a Netting Machine

Dec 26 1890: Received Order from King Morse & Co. S.F. for a Can

Body Making Machine and accepted the Order-

January 16, 1891: Commenced drawings for Capper & Crimper for R.D. Humes and conducted buildings of Machines under construction has now three Patternmaker to work at Works and 6 Mechanics at our Shop all working after my drawings for new invention and for which a successfull result is alone pending on Gods gift

April 11 1891: Receivd Canadian Patent from Munn & Co for Can Body Making Machine

Sunday April 21 1891: Completed the Can Making Mchs [machine] for King, Morse & Co made about 2000 can bodies on the same and shipped the machine to S.F. by Steamer Elder also completed Machine for R D Humes and made about 1000 can bodies on the same and delivered the machine on his [schooner?] at Parkers Warf. Commenced again to finish detail drawings for Capping & Crimping Machine.

April 27 Sunday 1891: Continued Work on Detail Drawings and conducted the building of Can Capping and Crimping Machine which proved faulty in certain part but which I finally remedid while R.D. Humes Skooner [schooner] was still waiting on account of favorable Weather and the machine delivered on said Skooner.

May 3 Sunday 1891: Commenced again on detail Drawings for 2 ½ # Can Capping & Crimping Machine

also made drawings for roller feeder and inside viping mechanisms for 1# Can body making Machine and conducted the building of Capping & Crimping machines for R D Humes and one for King Mors [Morse] & Co.

Received Letter from Mother.

May 17 Sunday 1891: Inventivness is Gods Blessing the same as good Health no man can steal it from others although men may deprive each other of both

May 18: Completed and shipped the second Capping & Crimping Machine to R.D. Humes & Co. Met Nortons Lawyer Mr Hicock [?] at Fultons Office gave evidence in the Can Filler Case and also the Crimping Case.

Written to [Mother] Sister Trine Sister Dorthea and my Neice Mathias Jensen also to Hon. Postmaster of Filding Wellington Manatova New Zealand for information of my Brotter Jens.

May 25 Sunday 1891: Conducted the building of Capper & Crimper for King Morse & Co S.F. [San Francisco] and improvement on our one pound can body forming and soldering Machine in roller feeding mechanisms and inside asbestos spring vipers also amended application papers for Patent for Double ending capping Machine with tapered molds and returned it to Munn & Co.

Fasted 24: hours to invoke Gods Help in Clearing my Mind in regard to the written Law and its relation to

the Suits against us for infringement and studied the case for the Can Filling Machine.

Sunday May 31: Conducted further worke on King Morse & Co. Cap & Crimping Machine and completed it with difficult written defence for Can Filling Machine and commenced studying the Crimping Machine Suit against Norton Brs complaint for the Gordon Patent.

June 8 1891: Monday Searched the Records of Patents at Portlands Library and Courthouse for priority in Can Filling. Sausage & Tobaco press machine and written defence for Crimping machine against Norton Br. Complaint for infringement on their Gordon Patent.

June 14 Sunday: Continued in writing defence against alleged infringement on the Nortons Brothers Patented Crimping machine and conducted work on the Capping & Crimping machine for M. Kinney which is about completed.

Sunday June 22: Completed the Cap & Crimp Machine for the M Kinney which worked sattisfactory in the shop at 85 per minnute but not in the Cannery princply on account of fish projecting above the cans and occassional bent caps this is now overcome as far as known. Commenced again on slight improvent on the Can Body forming Machine princply in squaring the movements to each other and alternation in Soldering Feed and Viping of the Cans.

Sunday June 28, 1891: Received Telegram from J. Black S.F. [San Francisco] that both the Can Body Forming and the Cap & Crimp Machine was out of Order and requested me to come and help as soon as possible which I promised to do by next Steamer.

July 4: Started for San Francisco on the Steamer Oregon had a pleasant passage and arrived at destination on Monday July 6th. Saw the machines the same day and expected to have them in order in less than one week. However it proved necessary for me to stay there till August 27th before I had the machines in good Order and the men acquainted with the same so as to continue their use. The principal trouble being on account of imperfect Shears for cutting the Sheet tin for the can Bodies and imperfect die presses for making the can heads. Both were principally remedied by making room for the surplus sheet tin from unsquare and ragged cut tin plates for the Can Bodies and crooked and ragged flanged Can Heads, no alteration was made in its construction but its adjustment being expensive as it required long and careful watching besides studying to discover its defects while the machine was working. The Cans made and headed by machine proved to contain about 50 per cent less leaks than Cans made by hand at the same place and as the machines worked very satisfactory for the last week I was there I made the Alaska Canning

Co in S.F. acquainted with that fact and solicited orders for other machines but which the said Can Co refused to give an account of threatened Suit by Norton Brothers.

August 27: Took passage on the Steamer Oregon for Astoria where I arrived on the 29 of August

August 31 1891: Made proposition to Cutting & Co S.F. for the Sell of our Co. Machinery & Patents including our Cash \$3000.00 and my undivided one half interest rated at a total value of \$39000.00.

Amended rejected Claims for Capping Machine applied for through Munn & Co N.W. Made proposition to R.D. Hume to set his machines in order if not already so and requested payment for the machines \$3000.00 answered the following Letters which had come here while I was in San Francisco to Mother Sister Dorthea, Sister Trine, Niece Olga, Brother Peter, and others in Europa

Sunday Sep 6th: Answered letter to Brother Jens in New Zealand Australia and J. Black of San Francisco relative to him and friends purchasing stock in our Co rating each Share at \$400.00 Studied and abbreviated our defence for Suits on Can Filler and the Crimping machine also commenced the same for the Can Capping Machine.

Sunday Septbr 13th 1891: Received letter from R.D. Humes with draft for \$1600.00 stating the headlines was not working satisfactory but he knew (proposed) changes which I will

make them first class and intimated it would be useless for me to try to make them work satisfactory with out his improvements allthough he desired me to come to which I answered as he know his own plan is better then mine there would be no use of me comming and proposed to make other machines for him either with or without his improvement and requested him to send the ballance due us. \$1400.00

Studied our Defense in Suit for Can Capper and abbreviated the same in writing.

September 20: Sunday I will exert my power of body and mind to accomplish my desires although I know I can accomplish nothing good exopt with Gods Help and hope not to accomplice any without his help. Continued to study the three Suits filed against us for infringement on Can Header, Can Crimper, and Can Filling Machines. Had our annal meething on the 22nd where it was desided that I should go to San Francisco on the first of next month and solicit sell for the Companies Stock at \$400.00 pr Share on orders for Machines.

Sunday Sptbr 27th 1891: Left by Steamer Oregon for San Francisco Spbr 30 arrived on Octbr 2th saw Joseph Black at his Can Factory. The Seaming Machine was working at 21000 Can bodies per 10 hours and the Heading Machine at 72 pr minute both exhibited some faults in wearing which I had remedied so the Seamer

then Worked at 22,000 per 10 hours. Black and Morse had all ready considered our proposition favorable and partly organized a Co fee purchasing our whole Stock at \$39000.00 but which proved however a failure.

Sunday November 6 [?]: Fasted on Friday and prayed to God that he would Inspire me with thought of Wisdom to protect my just cause in a proper way.

Sunday November 18: Although my enemies is attempting to rob me of all my earnings still if reasonable I must love them for if I a faulty man believes meself a Child of God I must threat other faulty men as my Brothers also my enemies is forcing me to exercise my thinking faculties which might otherways become dorment relative to its use.

[Mathias Jensen writes for many pages about a court case regarding his infringement of a patent. He felt his attorney did not describe accurately and fully the differences between his invention and the patent of his opponents.]

Jan 25, 1892: Three Suits in Oregon and one in Callifornia for Complaint of infringements against us is now pending before the Courts all four has been poorly pleaded in our favor exopt my own analysis of the Cases which I have written with Gods Help and he alone will determine the d[?] in said Cases. [At one point Mathias Jensen objected to the way his defense was going and was then faced with

contempt of court charges.]

Feb. 22, 1892: Completed and shipped Machine for San Jose Packing Co and continued Work on machine for Joseph Black.

Feb 24 1892: Received Letter from Mother and had the pleasure to see that she had survived the Influence which I was previously informed that she was suffering under.

March 6th 1892: Continued Work on the new machine for Joseph Black received letter from my Sister Dortha with information that Mother and all is well seen notice in the Astorian and the Oregonian that the Court of Appeal had decreed my Patented machine for heading filled cans infringing on the Norton Brothers Paten received letter dispatch from Joseph Black that Mr. Wheaton would still win the Suit in which the Court of Appeal had decreed against us, drew all the Co. money of the Bank and paid the men and all other with about \$15.00 to spare allowed the men to continue Work and trust to our uncollected money for their Wages or garnished on the shop

March 11 1892: No man can consistently pray to God for help and fear the Devil and should the earthly Judges be in league with the power or prince of Darkness and determined to rob me of all my invention I would still have you to fear but God alone and I will continue to advance my inventions as long as God will permit me to do so.

Sunday April 10, 1892: Completed the improved machine on Wednesday and it worked Very satisfactory Had Kinney, Elmore, Reed, Parker and others inspect the new machine on Friday and it operated at 56 cans per minute with such eas that it is seen the speed may be increased with safety at ten more cans pr minute, the same was published in the Dayly Astorian. The above named gentlemen composed a committee of manufactory of the Astoria Chamber of Commerce who met to investigate our invention in order to dissolve whether the new can machine is clear of other patented invention or not but as they have but little understanding of the machinery or the terms of law under which Patents is allowed it is impossible for them to decide whether it differs from other Patents or not...

Jan 9, 1893: Written to R D Humes, Joseph Black and W H Wright all of California and cautioned not to pay royalty to the Nortons for using my machines as such would assist Nortons in stoping the use of my machine by their unreasonable intimidation also written to Alex Edwin Westminister B.C. soliciting for all of can heading and crimping machine and further studied our defence in the four units pending in Court.

March 26 1893: Received the sorrowfull news from Australia that my Broder Jens died on Jan the 9th 1893 and communicated the same to my dear old Moder with a check for

100 Kronor for if possible to alleviate the great sorrow but which of course money can not do.

[The court cases continued on through the years. Mathias Jensen began working on other inventions.]

1894 [no month shown]: Remained in idleness till date except studying a certain Steam baath invention which I had previously conceived and a few improvements in Can making Machinery and allthought I have the best of Reasons to believe that my Steambaath Invention is worth millions of dollars and convinced that I can get all the means necessary to demonstrate it any day I desire Still while I am boardering on poverty I am forced to keep that invention a secret for fear I would other ways cast my pearls before Swine or the gift that God has given me to his enemys for although I have no absolute certainty of my auspicious [suspicions?] as before stated I am responsible for my own understanding which is also the gift of my Makker.

May 2nd 1894: Conceived a plan for filling cans with Salmon so as to leave the skin on the outside in the cans and pack the fish close. Had the principle mechanisms made of Wood and tried at Kennies [Kinney's] Cannery where it proved to work satisfactory but as we have not sufficient monney for building a practical machine and the principal Stockholder in our Co are not willing to be assessed for the amount required I am forced to aban-

don the making of such a machine for the present.

Conceived how to make a cheap typewriting machine with one key for all the characters and as Mr. Rosebom (who knows I am short of money for making it and) volunteer to make it for me on credit I proposed to give him $\frac{1}{4}$ interest of the invention for making it and which I believe is worth a fortune to him if we are not robbed of our rights in the patent we may secure thereon. July 8th

Continued to make drawings for the Typewriting Machine and Mr. Roslom has promised to commence work on the same to Morrow

July 15th: Mr. Rosbom [Rouslow] worked 4 days on type writing Machine received large photograph from Moder [Mother].

Spt. 7: The typewriting Machine is now operating as sattisfactory as expected and I have written the first letter on it to Mr. W.H. Wright of San Jose Cal but I expect it can yet be further improved by the alteration which I have now contemplated for pressing the types automaticaly and will have such alterations made when Mr. Rouslow returns from Mr. Grageries [McGregor?] Planing Mill where he is now Working.

Oct. 20 1894: The automatic pressure in my typewriting machine as constructed proved a failure but I believe the same principle with different construction can jet be made a success: however I have now returned

to my previous construction without the automatic pressure on which I am doing the mechanical Work meselve and expect to improve its mode of application in Cheapness and Facillity.

Nov. 4, 1894: Received letter from my Lawyers Wheaton, Kalloch & Kierce, San Francisco that the Court of Appeal had decided in our favor on Case No. 133, the Crimping Machine and refused to consider the question of infringement in Case No. 132 about the Can Heading Machine and had not decided any on Case No. 134 about our Can body making Machine. The court of Appeal refused to give Opinion in Case No. 133 stating that it would interfere with the Lower courts discretion [?] before... I answered the letter from my Lawyer expressing my thanks and my view of the Case as stated above. Am now writing all my correspondence with my typewriter and can allready use it about as fast as I can write with a pen.

Dec 2nd 1894: Received letter from my Sister Toine stating that Moder is with her and helpless in Bed She thanks me for the \$21.00 which I sent Mother but states she is working night and Day to sustain her Children and her Moder but hoping in Gods Help for the best

Dec 30 1894: Went to Portland to Examine the Records of patented typewriting Machine found non like mine, also inquired at the Court about the suit on my latest Can Header & Crimping machine and

found that Mr. Fulton had signed a stipulation for extention of time in taking evidence dated No'm 16-1894 which I consider is a favor to our opponent and of no object exept delay

Jan 20 1895: Continued studying the Type Writer and made out specification of the same with the Machine

March 2 1895: Sold out Patent Right in Seamers & double Headers east of the Rocky Mountains to Daniel G. Trench of Chicago for \$16666.

March 13 1895: Had the sale confirmed by our Co.

March 20: Received payment in full from D. G. Trench. Returned to San Francisco to solicit and sell of [off] our remaining Coast Right or order for machines

March 14, 1895: Made propositions to Alaska Pak. Assotiation, Automatic Can Co and Alaska Improvement Co all of S. F. to sell our remaining U.S. Patent rights for 12,000.00 Alaska for \$7000.00 also offered said parties and oither to make Seamers for \$2000.00, and Can Headers for \$6,000.00 all by letters asking careful consideration and an early reply.

Commenced on drawings for Patents on improfvments for rapidity and simplicity in the Seaming machine which I invented about 3 years ago.

May 12 1895: Made drawings for a new invention to remove surplus solder from the end seams of cans by stationary wipers after leaving any ordinary soldering Machine and

commenced explanation of the same

June 16 1895: Completed a set of Drawings for type writer and commenced on other which is now the fourth I made for different type writer on the same principle.

June 23, 1895: Almost completed the fourth set of drawings for typewriter but again conceived some improvement that will require a different set of drawings to illustrate

July 28, 1895: Went to Brookfield and saw Mr. Derwots and Partners modl for soldering oval cans. Showed them my plan for same and we all three agreed to devide equal. Made drawings for their machine then we all three agreed to dissolve partnership and I gave them the drawings of their machine.

Sept 1, 1895: Engaged Judge Lighter to push our case with the Nortons for Can Heading Machine and made a written statement of said Nortons contensions in that case and my reasons for defending it so that Mr Lightner might understand the whole

Sept 15 1895: Commenced drawing for a boath [boat] with new propelling devices

Sept 22 1895: Engaged Luis Martin to make a small boath with propeller as conceived March 22, 1892 but kept secred [secret] till now

October 6 1895: The boat about completed

Oct 13 1895: The boat proved neither sattisfactory or a failure (received information of Moder [Mother] Dead)

Nov 2, 1895: Had the sprocket gear put in the boat. Tried the boat and found but little improvement. Had larger blades put on the propeller and tried again with result of 4 ¼ miles per ourh... had the propeller moved 1 1/2 inch from center of boat to prevent this circular course. Tried boat but found no improvement.

Nov 17 1895: Had two propellers put on the boat and ready for trial.

Dec. 1st 1895: Tried the two propellers which proved a failure.

Dec. 8 1895: Conceived a feasible plan for a Lackering machine consisting in carrying the cans while lackered and dried by a long sig sag sprocket chain also a modl of propelling boats by an automatic reversible paddle.

Had meeting of our Co and proposed to solicit for purchasers of our patents or machines to manufacture but no method could be agreed on as Elmore want option on the purchase or have [?] tax to manufacture the machines which I would not agree to as no stockholder shall have any special favors over any of the others if I can prevent it

Dec. 22, 1895: Sold our Patents for the United States to Mr. Bradforth of Alaska Packing Association for \$17000.00 and \$2000.00 more for Patent on Oval Soldering Machines [?] allowed beside 5000.00 more for Patent in Suit if we win the latter and although it is nearly all I asked I still feel the pangs as if I had abandoned my place of dutty for although I have

tried to advance this patented inventions I have not tried so with all my might as I hough to don [ought to have done].

July 16, 1896: Commenced making drawing for double knot Netting Machine with the thread carried horizontal, and made a sectional view of half size.

July 30, 1896: Continued all week on the same drawings. Completed the drawings so that details can be taken from it.

Sept. 18: Sold Neting machine to C Nurnberger & Co. Chicago Ill for \$5500.00 and made them a present of the drawings I made for improvements and which I forwarded to them with explanations.

Nov. 22: Studied Steam Boats propulsion

Dec 27, 1896: Concluded to commence on drawings for a skiff with reciprocating propeling blades

Jan 17, 1897: In Portland all week tending lawsuit on topping Machine

May 15, 1897: Had request from Alaska Packers Association to serve them as inventor which I refused

June 19, 1897: Studying paddle propeller, received news from Court that Judge Bellinger has Decided the Nortons vs Jensen Suit in my favor

June 26 1897: Conceived new Ideas for Fishnets and also for parakite or flying machine and continued further study on propeller

July 4: Studied on parakite

July 11: Making a Wing for experi-

ment on parakite

17: Further study in the parakite

Aug 1: Experiment with different forms and sizes of wings on parakite proved a failure

Aug 15 1897: Abandoned the flying machine as a failure and wrote to Bradford that I would attempt to construct machine for seamless can bodies and new can filler if he would stand one half the cost for one half interest

July 31, 1898: Ordered Skif for new propeller which I hope will be successful and not monopolized by intire selfishness the same as my other in ventions and for which I have non to blame but my self

Jan 28, 1899: Sold Canadian Patents to Danial G. Trench of Chicago for Tellegraph gave Kjobenhavn Pat Bureau [?] at Attorney to sell my Patents on Net Machines both actions I did freely and wish now I had not don either

Feb 4: Had Contract made out for assignment of Patents and sent to Trench of Chicago

Solicited with W.T. Everson, Portland, for selling on Stok.

Feb 19: Studied on Can Machines without conclusions

March 5 1899: Sent affidavit for Patent on Seamer to Chicago

Apr 1st 1899: Signed deposition against Alaska Packers Association in their suit against repairs or rebuilding of Can Fillers. Sold all Machines Tools for \$1200.00 Did cost us over

\$55,000.00

23: Ordered the Bank to have our contract with D.G. Trench returned if not closed with in 3 days from its representation.

30: Had a meeting of our Co and declared 75 pct Divi

[The last entry] May 7 1899:
Preparing for tour to Denmark ♣

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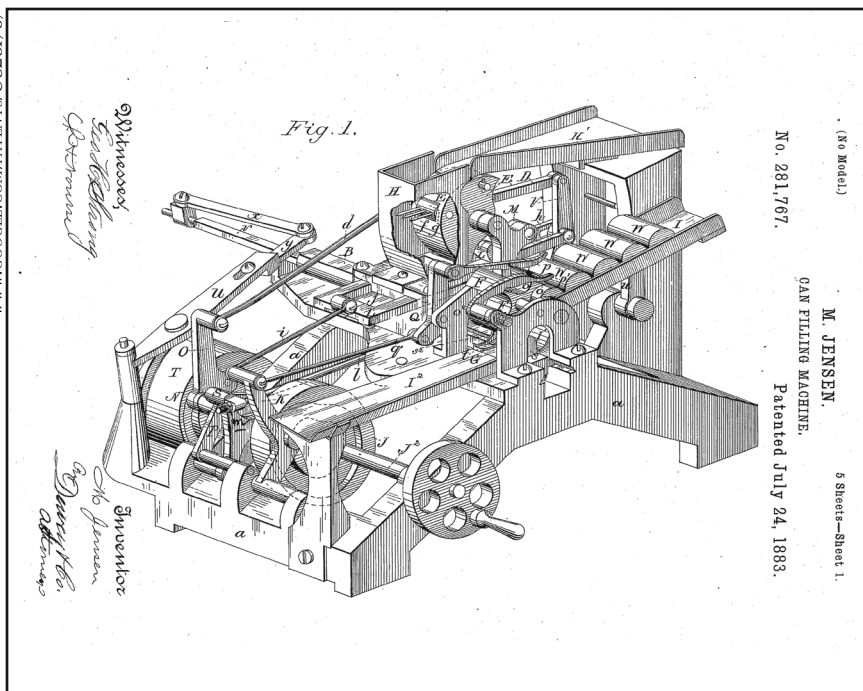
The diary and newspaper items end in 1899 when he returned to Denmark.

In 1901, Mathias Jensen received a U.S. patent for his invention of the

machine for forming sheet metal can bodies. He had filed for the patent in 1896. We know that he continued with his inventions as on April 11, 1911, he received a U.S. patent for a new and improved bottle-filling machine which he had filed on in 1907. He was then living in Copenhagen, Denmark.

*This is from the website: <http://www.ebooksread.com/authors-eng/john-n-john-nathan-cobb/pacific-salmon-fisheries-bbo/page-4-pacific-salmon-fisheries-bbo.shtml>

WWW.GOOGLE.COM/PATENTS/US281767



PAGE ONE OF PATENT #281,767 FOR MATHIAS JENSEN'S CAN FILLING MACHINE
RECEIVED JULY 24, 1883.



CLATSOP COUNTY 4-H CLUB REPRESENTATIVES AT SUMMER SCHOOL IN CORVALLIS, OREGON JUNE 1955.

IDENTIFIED IN PHOTO, FRONT ROW FROM LEFT: 5. GAYLE CARPENTER, 6. JOYCE JOHNSON, 7. JOANNE STEELE. 2ND ROW: 1. ELLYN BOCK, 2. DORIS JOHNSON, 9. JUDY STEELE, 10. SUZANNE ENGLUND. 3RD ROW: 1. DALE HOECKER, EXTENSION AGENT, 4. ELLEN SUMIDA, 6. JUDIE SMETHURST, 7. NANCY REITH, 8. KRISTINA PERNU, 10. SHERYL BAKER. 14. MRS. GRAHAM SHEETS, LEADER CHAPERONE, BACK ROW: 5. JANET STRASSER. IN PHOTO, BUT UNIDENTIFIED: MARY JANE AGREN, DANIEL BAGLEY, LAURA BORDERS, MARLENE BOYLE, BARBARA CLARK, BARRY DENT, MICHAEL DONALDSON, JANICE ELLIOTT, JUNE FERGUSON, HOWARD HAMMOND, CLARE ANN HEILMANN, ALLEN HOLTON, JOHANNE JEPPESEN, ALLEN JOHNSON, CHERE KENT, EPHRIAM KOLJONEN, KARMON MACCURDY, SHARON MCCOY, ELISABETH MCENTIRE, VERNON MOELLER, CAROL MOWE, JIMMY ORDWAY, RICHARD PETERSEN, HELEN PIKE, MARILYN RANTA, MICHAEL RIPPETT, LARRY ROGERS, JANICE ROMAN, RAMONA SCHAEFER, JOHN SHELTON, BETTY SIMONSEN, FAE LOUISE THOMPSON, DIANE TORVINEN, JERRY WESTERHOLM, LAURA MAY WHITESIDE,



7TH GRADE CLASS AT LEWIS & CLARK CONSOLIDATED SCHOOL DISTRICT 5-C, 1953-54

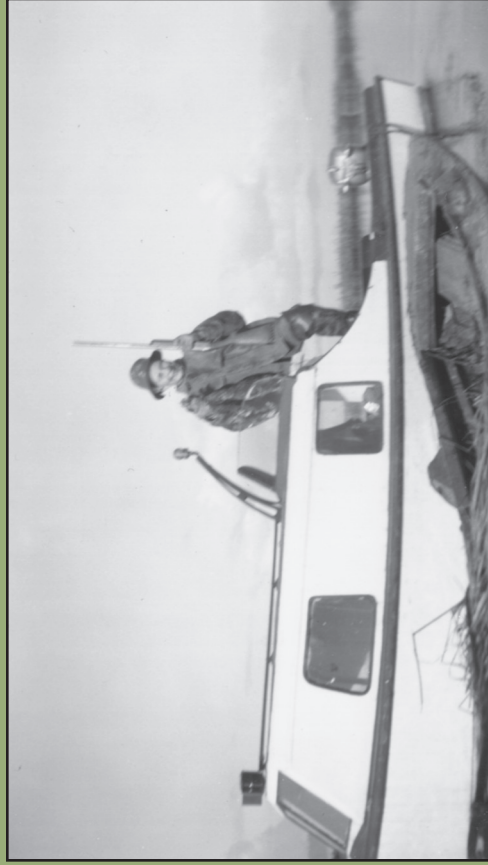
FIRST ROW (FRONT) LEFT TO RIGHT: DON CHENY, GARY TOLEN, ROBIN TRUMAN, TEDDY BAUMGARDNER, BOB HENDRICKSON, DAVID ENNIS, PATTY HANNU, MARY KINDRED, RICHARD HALVERSON, SECOND ROW: JERRY OLSON, BEVERLY IVARIE, IRIS DOWELL, MARTHA PINKSTAFF, FAYE SIMONSON, KRISTINA PERNU, SANDRA SCHNEIDER, MILGA PARKS, THIRD ROW: GENE ADRIAN, ALLEN HOLTON, LAURENCE FUDGE, RICHARD GREGG, BRUCE HOLTON, SARA JOHNSON, EVA LEPPILA, FOURTH ROW: DICK SEPPA, BILL LEHTO, MELVIN FELT, DON GREEN, DAVID GROTTING, DENNIS ACTON, GEORGE THIESEN, MRS. HENRIETTA LINDBERG (TEACHER), LAWRENCE TREVITHICK. BACK ROW: JOHN ROBINSON (TEACHER), PETE BRYANT (TEACHER), BRIAN PAASO, DENNIS PARKER.



LEWIS & CLARK CONSOLIDATED SCHOOL, GIRLS ATHLETIC CLUB 1953-54

PATTY HANNU, EVA LEPLA, RITA DOWELL, JUANITA GUNNARI, BURNA DEAN HART, DONNA JOHNSON, JANET STRASSER, MARY JANE KAMM, BONNIE STANLEY, MISS ZUTERMISTER, MARY KINDRED, FAYE SIMONSON, SARA LEE JOHNSON, MARLENE BOYLE, SANDRA SCHNEIDER, ARDY O'BELL, JANET LONG, ELLEN BOCK, LOU ELLEN DYE, DORIS JOHNSON, BONNIE IVARIE, KRISTINA PERNU, CAROL NEILSON, COLLINETTE FENANDER, SHARON WOBBERG, MARY NELL NIEMI, BEVERLY IVARIE, IRIS DOWELL.

IMAGE COURTESY OF SANDY ROBINSON



ALFRED OLSON ON BOARD THE *SANDRA ANN*, BUILT BY HIS FATHER OSCAR. CA. 1950

CLATSOP COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
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